

EVENING

EDGREN'S COLUMN



KID MCCOY, the foxy, agile, versatile and entertaining Hoosier, there is a dearth of easy marks at the present time—why this new retreat from the ring? The Kid can't afford it. He hasn't recently acquired any such slice as fell to him after the fight with James Corbett. No one has sent up a mauling howl of late, to the effect that the Kid had been unduly prospering as a gambler.

Only a few days ago the Kid was matched with Texas McCormick—the yep who was stowed away by John L. Sullivan. John picked that pippin before it was ripe for McCoy, and foxy Charles has given it out that he feels pained and hurt by the ingratitude of man. Here he was actually bringing a step-ladder to pick the pippin with, and old John knocked it down with a stick. Why, McCoy had actually given this McCormick fellow money, and—

BUT up where the wise ones congregate they whisper a different tale, with many chuckles at the expense of the wily Kid.

McCoy, so it is said, arranged this match with the Texas gent. It looked all to the good and hunky dory. It was just money in the bank. The Kid could take a pin and punch holes in the ace of diamonds—that was all the training he'd need. No road work, nothing at all that might be irksome to a gentleman of leisure.

But McCormick needed a reputation—there was the rub. People might pay to see McCoy butcher him in his usual artistic style, but if the butchery had some sort of interest attached to his name, why, there'd be more doing at the box office.

All thoughts come to him who thinks. The Kid sat down and pondered ponderously. Finally a scheme flashed across the blank sky of his intellect. It was the goods. It would do. Hastily it was conveyed to Texas, who was willing, reverently, in an anteroom while the McCoy brain struggled with the problem. McCormick hastily packed his other pair of socks, drew down another chunk of the expense account and disappeared.

THE scheme? Nothing easier! Old John L. Sullivan, white-haired, 80 pounds, recovering from paralysis of the optic nerve, but still carrying the old magic name, was about to do a little boxing up in Michigan, where all good fighters go when they die-pugilistically.

John L. would box with anybody—of course. This "Texas" was about as big as John L. in his prime. Why shouldn't he put on the gloves with the old champion, who one senses come back to Hot Springs? The country would take people would want to see the man who knocked out John L. young or old. The box office would take in money so fast it would have to be shovelled out the door. The man who knocked out John L. would be quickly knocked out by Charles (Kid) McCoy—back in the lime-light—glory—\$100,000—wow!

"John L. Sullivan" (the ticker tape came out in epigrammatic little jerks) "knocked Texas Jim McCormick out in the second round. McCormick was out when he quit."

"Oh, judge!" remarked Kid McCoy.

SHOWING up the sponge is becoming a fad. All the "wise" seconds do it nowadays before the referee can finish his count. That's the reason so few fights are won with knockouts. The fighters still have the punch and manage to land it, but the handy sponge, quickly sent spinning across the ring by a watchful handler, saves each defeated man from the agony of being knocked out. It also robs the winner of half the credit of his victory.

"Loot." In a record book, looks better than "Knocked out by." "Won" isn't half so impressive as "Knocked out."

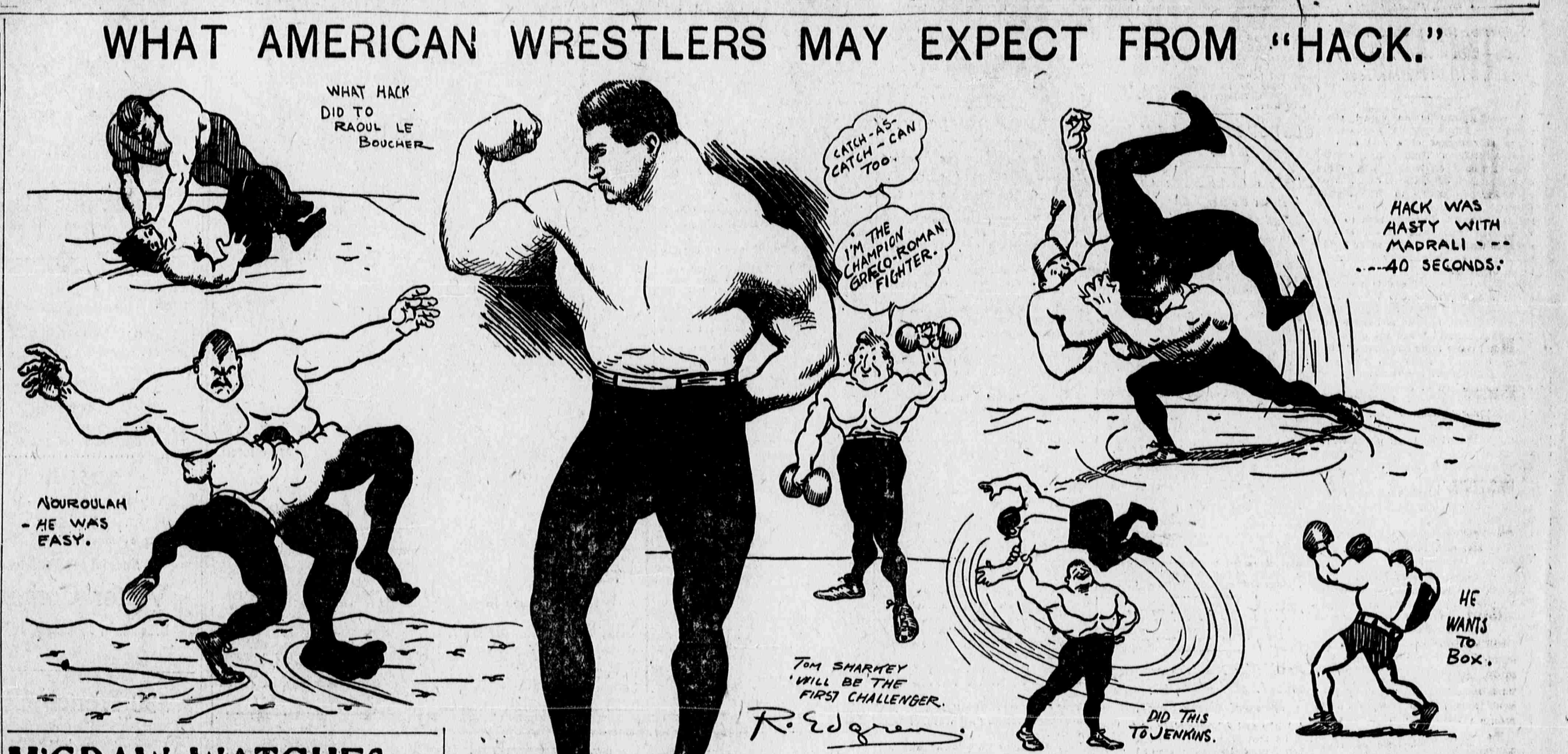
Tommy West is authority for the statement that Young Corbett was saved from having "K. by" recorded after his name simply through the foxiness of his seconds. Tom writes from the Coast as follows:

In the ninth Corbett was knocked clean out with a right hand punch on the chin. In the first three rounds he tried to be clever and did a lot of work in and out, swinging his arms about as if he didn't have much use for them. Every once in a while he would swing a long right hand punch in the direction of Nelson, who, as a rule, would go wide of the mark, and whenever it did happen to land didn't seem to bother the Dane in the least. Nelson knocked Corbett all over the ring for eight rounds. This is the record time I have seen Corbett fight and I'll have to say what I did before—K. by.

A MAN who "knows little about the same," that is to say, of boxing, hasn't much of a chance to take a high rank among fighters and keep it. Some men become champions through their marvelous physical energy and endurance, but as soon as this is impaired, being like Young Corbett, unable to defend themselves skillfully, they suddenly lose everything that they have won. It's like was a sudden and fierce attack may take any position, but it requires skill to defend successfully.

There was Kid Carter. No better boxer man than the Brooklyn boy

WHAT AMERICAN WRESTLERS MAY EXPECT FROM "HACK."



M'GRAW WATCHES THE GIANTS WORK

Manager Reaches Savannah and Takes Charge of the Spring Training—Mathewson Shows Up with a Lame Shoulder.

(Special to The Evening World.) SAVANNAH, Ga., March 7.—Active work on the field at Bolton Street Baseball Park by the New York Giants is now being done under the critical eye of Manager McGraw, who has arrived here from Hot Springs. He was several hours late getting to Savannah because his train was delayed at Memphis and he failed to make connections. Devlin, Browne, Wilkie and Bowerman have reached Savannah and the other players are expected in a short time. Christy Mathewson, the idol of Gotham, has had the pleasure of riding in the same automobile that carried Mrs. Melba. It happened this way: A photographer took "Matty" for a spin in the morning and in the afternoon the photographer's wife took the great vocalist for a ride to show her the quaint old Southern town founded by Lord Oglethorpe. That is the brief story of how the Savannah family entertained two notable guests in one day.

WILLIAMS AFRAID WON'T ACCEPT COE'S RECORD

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 7.—Kid Williams proved a poor opponent for Rufe Turner at the Washington Sporting Club last night, he being afraid of the dusky lad. Williams, urged by the crowd, did attempt to fight in the third round, and drew blood from the California face. The sight of blood seemed to infuriate Turner, who fairly flew at the Kid, but the latter again became affectionate, and it was all the referee could do to break them. From then on the bout dragged, but it was solely Williams' fault, as Turner was only too willing to mix it up.

RALSTON BILL DUE TO FAIL

(Special to The Evening World.) SAN FRANCISCO, March 7.—In the opinion of those who are interested in the Ralston bill, that purpose to stop boxing in this State, will never become a law. Influences have been brought to bear upon members of the Assembly, and although many had been pledged to support the measure, they have now switched to the side of the fight-promoters and followers of the Ralston bill. The bill was scheduled to come up for a final vote in the Assembly last night, but the reformers figured they had not enough votes to pass it, and therefore allowed it to go over for a few days. It will be taken up on Wednesday night, and from present indications will be defeated.

AMATEUR BILLIARD TOURNAMENT

An amateur billiard tournament for the championship of the west side is in progress at Phillips Central Billiard Parlor, No. 182 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The first game of the tournament was played last night. H. Holzman, winning from C. Woods by a score of 101 to 83. The next game will be played to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock. H. Kirk, of New York, and C. Esparraco, of Yonkers, will be the contestants.

ever lived. He was ideal. But he never learned the fine points of the game and after a while he lost the wonderful force that carried him to the top and fell back so suddenly that he soon became lost in the rack.

AMATEURS SHOW UP WELL WITH GLOVES

(Special to The Evening World.) BOSTON, Mass., March 7.—The boxing championships of the A. A. U., which were held in Mechanics' Building last evening, attracted a crowd of between 3,500 and 4,000 persons, and every one of the twenty-four bouts proved to be highly interesting.

M'COY DUCKS HUGO KELLY

"Kid" McCoy was recently offered a match with Hugo Kelly, of Chicago, by Andy Mulligan, of the Whittington Park A. C., of Hot Springs. McCoy promptly declined the offer, saying he has quit the ring for good and in the future will confine his attention to betting on the races.

HYMAN DEFEATS HANNIS.

Alfred Hyman defeated Edward Hannis last night in the first game of the amateur pool tournament for the championship of New York City in progress at the Broadway Academy. Broadway and sixteenth streets. Hyman's high run was 28 and Hannis's 10. J. Rapo and George Becker will play to-morrow.

ENTRIES FOR HOT SPRINGS.

(Special to The Evening World.) HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 7.—The entries for to-morrow's races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Three and one-half furlongs; maidens; purse, \$100.

GOTCH AND JENKINS TO MEET ON THE MAT

Frank Gotch, America's catch-as-catch-can champion wrestler, and Tom Jenkins, the ex-champion, have at last been matched to wrestle for the American championship. The men are to meet on Wednesday, March 15, at Madison Square Garden. The contest will be to a finish, the man gaining two falls out of three to be declared the winner. They will wrestle for a side bet of \$1,000 each, this amount having been placed in the hands of P. H. Sullivan when the contest was clinched by the backers of the two men.

CARD AT CITY PARK.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEW ORLEANS, La., March 7.—The City Park entries for to-morrow are as follows:

CRESCENT CITY CARD.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEW ORLEANS, La., March 7.—The Crescent City entries for to-morrow are as follows:

FIRST RACE—One mile.

AQUEDUCT TRACK TO BE IMPROVED

Heater A. Danton, of Brooklyn, has sold to the Queens County Jockey Club a piece of property alongside of the Aqueduct Race Course and near the Long Island Railroad Station, comprising sixteen acres. The price paid for the property was \$15,000.

JOHNSON AND HART MATCHED

After a long delay a match has finally been arranged between Marvin Hart, the Louisville light heavyweight, and Jack Johnson, of California, the colored heavyweight champion of America.

OLD DR. GRINDLE,

Under Dr. Grindle's scientific treatment and the use of his famous "Grindle's Cure" cured more quickly, more easily and on more moderate terms than any other method.

RUPTURE

I wish every interested person to know that I continue my practice largely to the treatment of various forms of Rupture, and I am the only experienced Rupture Specialist in New York.